

AUTOMOBILE COAT



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The steamer shawl will be utilized automobile coats the coming winter. The material is of different colors—blue, yellow and pale green are backgrounds on which are wrinkled, fascinating bouquets, garlands and even baskets of flowers.

ESDEN IDEAS COME BACK

It is a Natural Result of the Sad That Calls for the Pan-nier Draperies.

With the revival of the pannier series comes back a decided emphasis on dresden silks, with all the delicate colorings that we associate with the Dresden shepherdesses. Pinks, blues, yellows and pale green are backgrounds on which are wrinkled, fascinating bouquets, garlands and even baskets of flowers.

The dresden silks and satins are particularly adapted to suit the contents that are incorporated in afternoon and evening frocks for summer.

They are not so striking in contrast with a plain, thin fabric and there is great scope for color combinations and flower effects.

The rose season, so noticeable in fashions for the summer, is a timely one for flowered mulls, organdies, muslins, voiles and chiffons with which the dresden silks effectively combine.

Hats covered with dresden tulle are decidedly chic. Bridesmaids now are favoring hats of this type to continue the idea of the dresden coatee thrown over simple and usable frocks of white or plain colors.

Little dresden silk slippers for the rest hour add a new touch to the negligee set, especially if bindings or trimmings of dresden silk be used on the gown.

Dresden sashes, with an extra line of the ribbon quilling trailing in and out among the bunches of flowers, are accepted by womankind as an idea that makes the assurance of beauty doubly sure.

It is undeniable that the dresden colorings in designs that are varied and inexpensive are a factor in the general beauty of summer styles. Are you using them?

Toledo Jewel Work.

Ladies' souvenir cases are the prettiest of trifles. They are made as flat as possible, sometimes with two or more places, but sometimes only with one, like a dainty powder box. One of the latest fads is to have them made of enamel in vivacious colors and another notion favors the gold inlaid with black of Spanish jewel work. This Toledo ornament is in fact very popular for personal adornment, but for toilettes and specimen table ornaments. One also sees Toledo decorated hair-combs and lognettes.

Yellow For Autumn.

Yellow is enjoying a return to favor which has been lost for several seasons, and among the new colors which will be placed on the market next season are many yellow tones. Already Paris is exulting in burnt orange. Along with it go sulphur and amber. In addition there is charronne, the lovely limpid yellow of the cordial; flame yellow, whose intensity makes it becoming only to certain complexions, and canary, another vivid hue.

Silk Apples on Hats.

The black hat is amazingly popular at the moment in London. White is the favorite trimming, but yellow makes a very close rival. A black hat that I admired immensely had the rather low crown completely covered with bunches of small silk apples in varying shades of yellow, brown and pale green. A few apple leaves, very yellow ones, were mixed in between, and both fruit and leaves were kept as flat as possible.

Lace and Pearls.

An original headress is a simple mob cap of lace, encircled with a string of pearls, and with one of the new straight feather alpacas standing erect in the front. The lace points these caps are a godsend, but it always seems to me a pity to cover up so completely a really pretty head of hair.

WITH THE PARISIAN SANCTION

Postillon Hat Is Sure to Be Copied Though No Longer in the Greatest Vogue.

The fancy for the postillon hat has been short-lived so far as Paris is concerned, and London never greatly cares for millinery which the Parisienne accepts as *bien amusante*. More or less curly of brim, and with tall stiff crown, these hats trimmed with a feather on fantasie or a floral aigrette had a brief vogue, and certainly when new they were most appealing. They could not, however, bear repetition, and since people have taken to wearing them they have lost their attraction. For once the Frenchwoman seems to have forgotten that the fact of a hat being chic when worn by a woman of one type may make it impossible for those who belong to another.

This style of hat is, however, being made for autumn, and milliners are looking favorably upon its possibilities in beaver felt and plush.

BLOUSE



This is for veiling or delaine, and has the fronts trimmed with groups of fine tucks, between which strips of insertion are sewn; the back is trimmed to match. Tucks are made down the outside of sleeve, and the cuffs and collar are of entirely tucked material.

Materials required: 2 yards 40 inches wide, 2 yards insertion.

Fascinating Lingerie.

For evening wear throughout the winter undershirts will remain as they are this summer, and some of the charming bargains so dear to the heart of womankind may be picked up at present, as, for instance, a petticoat of the finest satin meshed in the palest blue, with a knee-deep frill of tilted transparent lawn over a pleated frill of silk, slashed at intervals and held together by narrow bands of pale blue ribbon.

To Keep on Pumps.

When pumps slip at the heels and are too loose, paste a piece of velvet in the back, with the nap side out. If the shoes still spread, take them to a shoemaker and have him put in a casing for a draw string, or a piece of elastic which is tightly fastened.

Overhoes that Slip at the Heel and are too big may be made more comfortable by gluing a thick piece of chamois up the back of the heel. Use a glue that stands water.

Table Decoration.

An inexpensive table decoration noted by Harpers Bazar is as follows: A crepe paper rose is hung from the chandelier, ribbons coming to each plate. The centerpiece is a large vase of roses with roses around the base. The bonbon dishes are tall glasses, and the favors are roses painted on cardboard. Baskets of roses are on either side of the table.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF BUSINESS WOMAN

(The plain business woman and her sister, who has been pressed into service for the occasion, enter the millinery section of a large department store.)

Business woman (plaintively)—"It does seem to me that I am never free from the thrall of the hat. Just after Christmas it begins to hang over me like a pall, and when the spring hats really begin to sprout in the windows I get perfectly morbid." (Speaks very humbly to haughty saleswoman.) "If you could wait on us, please, it would be so kind of you. Something small, if you please." (To sister while haughty saleswoman departs in search of hat.) "Dear me! I wish I didn't get so positively abject on these occasions. I know some people who really get a bitter satisfaction out of sailing into exclusive millinery establishments, where the hats are dreams of beauty and becomingness, and demanding to be shown confections whose prices send the cold chills down one's back, and then departing with a dissatisfied shake of the head. But not so I. I fell impudent when I cast even a glance at the wonderful things."

(Haughty saleswoman returns balancing a hat on her hand. She looks bored to extinction. Business woman removes her much battered, squashy and obviously home made headgear and hands it to her sister. She looks doubtfully at the hat in the saleswoman's hand.)

Business woman—"It looks awfully big."

Saleswoman—"It's the smallest hat in the house, madam. Small hats are not worn at all."

Business woman (hastily)—"Oh, of course, I know the hats are all big. But you see my face is so small that when I get one of these large things on I look just like a monkey. I really don't think it's worth while for me to try it on. I'm sorry to trouble you, but if you could find something that wouldn't sit quite so far down on my head, I'd be so much obliged." (She smiles pathetically and the saleswoman snounces away.)

Sister (disgustedly)—"You're worse than abject, Sarah. You're perfectly maudlin."

(Haughty saleswoman returns and suddenly engulfs business woman in a hat about two feet high and with a crown like a scrubbing pall.)

Business woman (rasps)—"Oh, dear! Where am I? Why, really, don't you think this one is bigger than the other?"

Saleswoman—"No, madam; it is not."

Business woman (looking forlornly and apologetically toward showcase)—"But some of those hats are smaller, aren't they? I think I'll just step over and look at them." (She gathers up her belongings with the air of a detected sneak thief and sidles over to the showcase. Haughty saleswoman turns away with an air of deep disdain.)

Business woman (almost in tears)—"Why won't they be nice to me! If they only realized it, I'm such an easy mark. A kind person could sell me anything."

Sister (impatiently)—"Oh, have a little backbone. I'm perfectly ashamed of you. Now, there's a pretty hat and a little one at that. Ask that girl over there to take it out and show it to you."

Business woman (after bracing herself to the effort of addressing another goddess of the millinery world, fades away in deep humiliation upon being told that the price of the hat in question is \$25)—"She could tell by the quiver in my voice that it was not for the likes of me."

Sister—"Why didn't you make her take it out and show it to you, anyway? That's what they're here for."

Business woman (after vainly traveling up and down and around and around counters and showcases)—"Do you suppose if I wore one of these I would lose my job?"

Sister—"Here, try this one. Now, if you had a big bandeau so that you would look a little as if you had on a hat and not a necklace."

Business woman (gratefully)—"How cheering you are! (She peers out from under the hat with the air of a startled rabbit.) Would you mind asking one of the saleswomen if they have bandeaus?"

Sister (after pursuing saleswoman around the counter and finally bringing her to bay)—"I want a large bandeau. One that will hold a hat up off the head."

Saleswoman (languidly and without offering to move)—"You mean a halo. No, we don't carry them. They're not worn." (She resumes her important occupation of gazing dreamily into space. Sister returns to business woman, who is still in a millinery eclipse. She regards business woman thoughtfully for a moment. Then a triumphant light suddenly comes into her eyes. She fairly snatches the hat from the business woman's head.)

Sister (gleefully)—"They don't have halos. But— (She seizes the old hat, and stuffs it inside the other one, then replaces the new hat on business woman's head, where it perches in a most sprightly, if somewhat precarious, way.)

Business woman (regarding herself with more or less satisfaction in the mirror)—"You're a genius! (Wheedlingly.) "You're so awfully clever and so very, very brave! In fact, I don't think I ever knew such a clever, brave person. Won't you go and see if you can, with honeyed words and sweet smiles, persuade somebody to sell this hat to me?"—Chicago Daily News.

Rest Periods a Necessity.

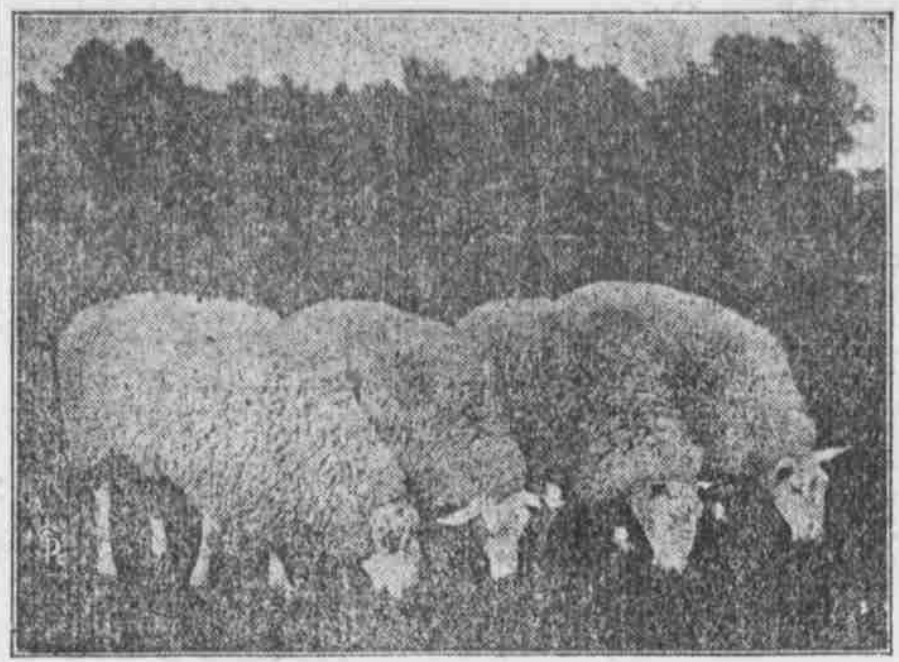
The importance of rest periods in school work and of as much fresh air as possible is emphasized by recent scientific investigations, which have shown that the condition of the blood corpuscles in children is far less favorable after mental exertion in school than after hard physical effort.

Caught.

"You are the first woman I've ever kissed," he declared fervently. "You don't kiss as though I were," replied the girl.

ALTHOUGH GOOD RUSTLERS SHEEP SHOULD BE GIVEN THE ATTENTION THEY DESERVE

Animals Are Always Most Neglected and Receive Least Notice of All Stock Kept on Farm—Profitable to Give Them Best Treatment Possible.



Four Excellent Rustlers.

As far as my observation goes, sheep are always the most neglected and least noticed of all the stock kept on the farm. I am pretty sure the reason of this is that the sheep usually takes care of itself so well, without the assistance of man, and can make its living on so little, that gradually the idea of looking after the flock, and doing something for their benefit, passes out of the mind of most men who keep a few sheep, but are not in the business of keeping them as their principal interest.

But in spite of this negligence and lack of interest, I am sure that sheep pay much more in proportion to the amount invested and the cost of maintaining them than any other farm stock. In view of this fact, it would seem to me that the sheep ought to be the best cared for animal on the farm, and should have the best treatment that the owner can give.

Sheep on the farm, or on the plains, receive less care and attention than any other farm stock, yet so far as my personal experience is concerned, pay a better profit on the investment than any other farm stock. I suppose the chief reason for this indifference on the part of most men lies in the fact that sheep cannot be made to multiply as fast as hogs, and the public demand is never so great as that for pork and beef.

It may be truthfully said that beef is the mainstay in filling the demand for fresh meat, and pork in the shape of hams, shoulders and sides. In the shape of breakfast bacon, constitutes the main supply of cured meats. I really think if lamb and mutton were used to a larger extent, and constituted a much larger portion of the meat eaten by the people generally, it would be better for the health of the people generally and, probably, have a tendency to improve the farms devoted to stock raising, and perhaps would also be conducive to the better average health of the people who consume very much meat.

I have been associated with farming a great many years, and owned several farms, and have kept stock of all kinds, and I can say without prejudice that my sheep have always given me less trouble than the other kinds of stock and, for the investment, have paid me much more clear profit. I can therefore urge with great sincerity upon all who have not put at least a few sheep on their farms to do so as soon as possible.

That they will pay well is as certain as anything on the farm can be, and I know it is impossible for any farm stock to cost so little or give so little trouble.

My personal preference is for one of the "Down" breeds, and though the Southdown is probably more popular in a general way, I think the Shropshire is the most attractive. I think, too, that they average somewhat heavier in weight.

On a 400-acre farm I kept for a long time a flock of thirty to forty, and from the time that the pastures were suitable to graze in the spring till the freezing weather in the late fall, my sheep never needed to be fed a mouthful. And the winter keep has always been so small that I am sure that half of the increase of the flock would offset the entire cost, if it were possible to estimate that cost, for the whole year.

We have made it a practice to use on our own table lamb and mutton most of the surplus of our own flock, and aimed to keep the flock down to about forty in number. As they are always left in the pasture all the time, including even most of the winter, the cost of keep is too small to count.

Half of the returns for wool would more than pay for all the feed, forage and pasture they get, and I have noticed that some of my thinnest and most run-down land on the place is getting better all the time.

I have heard some complaint about sheep being affected with the bot fly, but all injury to the sheep may be avoided by applying a mixture of pine tar and grease—say axle grease—around the nostrils. To save the trouble of catching and applying the tar to the sheep direct some people bore holes in a log with a two-inch auger, and put salt in them, and then smear around the edge of

the holes with a mixture of pine tar and grease.

When they lick the salt they get their nostrils smeared with the tar. The smearing may be done often, say once a week. I am of the opinion that a sort of muzzle made of fine woven wire, and so shaped as to be attached to the nose of the sheep, and will not come off, will serve perfectly to keep off the bot fly that lays the eggs of the grub in the sheep's nose. It would be well for some whose sheep are much bothered with grubs to make a test of this.

PROFITABLE FEEDING OF CHESTER WHITES

Difference Shown Between Hog Given Penny of Feed and One Neglected.

The result of different treatments of hogs came to my notice last spring, when a neighbor sold two average pigs eight weeks old to a man who did not have any other hogs. He bought the two hogs to make pork the next fall and, of course, wanted to give them a good chance to do their best. They were fed wheat middlings, milk and scraps from the table, in addition to the pasture they gathered. They were grade Chester Whites, farrowed in April. These two pigs dressed between 150 and 175 pounds each when about seven months old.

The pigs that had not been sold and out of the same litter were allowed to run on pasture, and when corn was ready to feed they were fed enough corn to put them in pork condition, but when slaughtered at about the same time as the other two they only weighed 65 to 70 pounds each. There was a difference of nearly 100 pounds between these well-fed hogs and their mates not so fed, and it is wholly due to different treatments. It is easy to see which was the most economical pork producer—the well-cared-for hog or the one which got enough feed to barely live until fattening time. The difference in value was almost \$10, as pork sold at 10 cents a pound here last fall. The two well-cared-for hogs did not eat near \$10 worth of feed from the time they were separated from their mates until they were slaughtered.

EXCELLENT FLOORS FOR A HOG HOUSE

Easy Matter to Secure Comfortable Quarters if Cold Is Kept Out.

I am using concrete floors in our hog houses and have found that I need very little bedding, just enough to keep the body of the pig from coming in contact with the concrete. It is easy to keep a concrete floor warm if the cold air cannot get under it, says a writer in an exchange. With one hundred pigs in the house, during zero weather, I had to keep some of the windows and the upper end doors open for ventilation. I have never had pigs get stiff from lying on concrete floors. Good, dry bedding, straw or shredded fodder, is used, and is removed as soon as it becomes damp and replaced with a fresh supply. Ventilation is such that cold winds cannot blow in on the pigs. I disinfect the houses often with air-slaked lime.

A dipping tank is essential, not only for destroying lice, but for promoting health conditions in general. I dip my pigs once in two months, more often if the animals are bothered with lice, and use any of the dip on the market that have crude oil as a basis. I do not dip in winter, but crowd the hogs into the house and spray them, leaving them until dry. I spray hogs, walls, bedding and all.

I keep wood ashes and a little lime in a self-feeder before the pigs all the time. Hogs need more mineral matter than they usually get. During the summer the hogs should be provided with ample shade.

muscle, and hoes are cheap. Carry a small, flat file in your hip pocket and do not allow a nick to stay in the hoe a minute after it is made.

Pig-Eating Sows.

A sow eats her pigs because she has been improperly fed during pregnancy. We never knew of a sow having this habit if she had been allowed to run in the pasture, or whose litters had been varied and which contained plenty of green and succulent feed.

PATRIOTISM THAT WINS IN THE END

By BELLE K. MANIATES.

"I wonder if I am an ex-patriot!" so thought May Hampton, as she looked up from the perusal of a letter from home, remonstrating with her for her prolonged absence.

It was two years now since she had come to this land of sunny skies to study music and Italian for six months. At the end of that time, the people with whom she had come returned home, but May had formed the acquaintance of an English family who had taken up residence in Florence, and they offered to take her in charge. Her parents reluctantly consented to a continuance of her sojourn, and she was now more loath than ever to return. The charm of sunny Italy had worked its spell, and then, too, her voice was developing so marvelously that she began to have visions of grand opera. Memories of home ties were becoming dimmed, and three months ago she had broken her engagement with Tom Rowden. She could never have done this except by letter, for there had been a fascination about Tom, and her resolutions generally weakened in his presence.

The letter twitting her of being ex-patriated was from her father, who so rarely wrote to her. He had launched into a eulogy over the United States, and her duty to her family.

With a sigh Kate laid down the letter and began to dress for dinner. Her friends, the Gordons, were having some repairs made to their house, and in the meantime they were all staying at a boarding place.

She was roused from her reflections of the stars and stripes by the entrance of Gwendolen Gordon.

"There is a countryman of yours below, May, who has just arrived straight from the states."

"Really?" asked May interestedly. "It's so long since I have seen anyone 'just over.'"

"You will doubtless meet him at dinner. He is tall, well-formed, good color, bright eyes, well-tubbed. Really he might almost pass for an Englishman."

And May was not yet so "expatriated" as not to experience a twinge of resentment at Gwendolen's inference that his passing for an Englishman was the highest compliment she could pay an American. The description reminded her of Tom, and memories of Tom always brought a vague discomfort.

He had merely acknowledged the receipt of the ring she had returned, and had formally regretted her "change of heart." After the long, friendly letter she had written him explaining her "career" she had certainly looked for more notice than that. She had anticipated opposition, remonstrance or a beseeching letter from him, possibly a visit from him. Maybe he, too, had "changed." And there had been an unaccountable silence on the part of her family, who adored Tom. Her father, whose views on "honor" and the keeping of a promise were so implacable, had never mentioned or hinted at her action—simply indited an oration on her country.

She went down to dinner with a thrill of anticipation at the thought of meeting a "live man" again, for she had secretly disdained the Italians and the men she had met at the Gordons. She was doomed to disappointment. No stranger appeared, though she prolonged the meal as much as possible.

Later in the evening she was sitting on the balcony of her sitting room when she heard the piano below. There were a few random chords, and then there fell grandly on the air a deep baritone voice rendering the "Star Spangled Banner."

"Oh!" she cried with indrawn breath. By the thrill of ecstasy she knew she was not an alien from her native shores.

She hastened down to the salon which was crowded with American tourists drawn thence by the magic of the home song. At the end of the second verse, May was suffering all the pangs of nostalgia. There was something familiar in the voice, and she worked her way nearer the piano for a glimpse of the musician. She was a little faint when she recognized George Amaden, Tom's particular friend. The sight of him brought vivid recollections of home, home friends and Tom.

She slipped into an adjoining little room to compose and adjust her thoughts before meeting him. In vain she tried to stifle her emotions. She crossed the room which was unoccupied, and stepped out to the balcony.

A man turned, and in the golden-rayed moonlight she saw Tom, eager and flushed.

"May," he cried.

"Tom!" she said with a little sob. "I am homesick!"

"Your father sent me to—bring you home, May. Will you go back with me?"

At the underlying tenderness in his tone, all her footlight aspirations dropped from her.

"Yes, Tom," she said meekly.

Three months later when Gwendolen Gordon read the account of May's wedding, she commented:

"How very American it was to come down the aisle to martial music!"

In 1975.

Grandma—"So you have even arranged your wedding anniversaries? Isn't that lovely!" The Bride—"Yes, Silver the first year, gold the third, diamonds the fifth, and radium the tenth, if it should possibly happen that we aren't divorced by that time."

London Has Immense Chandelier. The chandelier in the Alhambra music hall in London is said to be one of the largest in the world, having sixty electric lamps of 500-candle power each.

America is teaching Europe how to dress its windows. Europe is teaching America how to dress its girls in skimpy clothing, which is most ungrateful.

WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "Will tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

An Ohio Case.

Fred W. Harris, Jefferson, Ohio, writes: "For ten years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had constant backache, rheumatism, and all the symptoms of a diseased kidney. I became so weak that I could not walk. I had to be carried up and down stairs. Doctors had failed, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box
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ELECTRIC LIGHT IN DENMARK

Every Town in That Country of Over 5,000 Population Has Public Service.

According to recent information about the progress of electric light and power industries in Denmark, it appears that all the towns of 5,000 inhabitants and over are now provided with public electric service, says the Scientific American. As to towns having between 5,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, there are only three in which electric mains are not installed, so that it will be seen that Denmark is one of the most progressive countries in this respect. The largest sized electric stations are to be found at Copenhagen and at present there are three large plants in operation giving a total of 27,000 horse power. Current is supplied for the city mains, as well as for the tramway lines. As regards the Danish stations in small towns, in general each town has its own plant, and there is but one example of an intercommunal system. This is at Skovbo, near Copenhagen, and the central station extends its power lines over all the suburban regions, also supplying the tramways of Hellerup and Klampenborg. In most of the town electric stations the Diesel heavy oil engine is used.

Unfailing Stimulant.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant—the stimulant in use but requires the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with revelry—more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead. There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—George D. Prentice.

Best Books for Children.

Eugene Field, asked for the best ten books for young people under sixteen years of age, is said to have given this list: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Anderson's Fairy Tales, Grimm's Fairy Tales, 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Black Beauty,' 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Tom Brown's School Days,' for boys, or for girls, 'Little Women.'"

"I thought your father looked very handsome with his gray hairs."

"Yes, dear old chap. I gave him those."—London Opinion.

A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve stomach trouble keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to tonics is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash diminishes his power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an advertisement I tried Grape-Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved."

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way."

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonsful as the cereal part of a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.